THE DAYSPRING.

"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."

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FEEDING THE BIRDS IN WINTER.

DR. JOSEPH PRIESTLEY.

THIS eminent man rendered great service to the world by his labors in behalf of a pure Christianity, and by his discoveries in natural science. He was born March 24, 1733, at Fieldhead, a place about six miles from Leeds, in Yorkshire, England. His father was a maker and dresser of woollen cloth, and his mother was the daughter of a farmer. The latter died when Joseph was a little more than six years old. She was a religious woman, and began very early to instruct her son in religion, and in right conduct.

A little incident in connection with his early teaching made a deep impression upon him, leading him to understand and respect the rights of ownership in regard to property. He had been at his uncle's, only a short distance from his father's, playing with his cousins. When he got home, he had a pin. His mother asked how he came by it. He said he had picked it up at his uncle's. She had him carry it back. This was, of course, not on account of its value, though pins were a little more valuable then than now, but to teach him not to take without permission the smallest thing that was not his own.

The child lived a good deal with his grandfather before his mother died. After that event he lived about three years with his father, going to school in the neighborhood. But, his father having a large family, an aunt took him home with her, and treated him as a child of her own. She was an excellent woman, and having some property was delighted to do good with it. As long as she lived, she was a true mother to him.

In England there is an Established Church; that is, a Church established by law, and under the control of the government, and supported by the government. A great part of the people belong to that church. A great many Englishmen regard their national church — the Church of England, as it is called — with the same pride they do their other national institutions. But there are English people who cannot agree with the doctrines taught by this church, or, agreeing with them, do not like the way the church is governed, or its forms of worship. These people have withdrawn from the national church, and established churches of their own, like the free churches of this country. The members of these churches are called dissenters, because they *dissent* from the doctrines and practices of the national church, and support churches of their own. The dissenting churches are not alike in methods and doctrines. There is the same diversity among them that exists among the churches in this country.

Joseph's parents, his aunt, and immediate friends, were dissenters, and were Calvinists, as were many of the dissenters at that time. So he was brought up as a Calvinist. This implies that he was taught the doctrine of the Trinity; that all mankind were radically corrupt, because of the sin of Adam; that there could be no salvation for any only through the incarnation and death of God as Christ; that a certain number had been elected and predestinated in the beginning to be saved, and never could be lost; and that all the rest had been predestined to eternal punishment, and must of necessity suffer untold horrors forever. Joseph's aunt, however, was liberal enough to be charitable towards those who differed from her, and among the welcome guests at her house were dissenting ministers who were very far from being Calvinists.

Joseph was sent to school, and made rapid progress in Latin and Greek. He spent his holidays in studying Hebrew with the dissenting clergymen in his neighborhood. His aunt desired him to be a minister, and her

desire was in accordance with his own inclination. But, his health failing, he turned his attention to preparing himself for trade; and, without a master, learned the French, Italian, and Dutch languages. An uncle, who was a merchant, was intending to put him in a counting-house at Lisbon. His health, however, improving, he was sent to an academy established by the dissenters at Daventry, where he pursued theological studies.

Before leaving for Daventry, he desired to become a communicant in the church, connected with the congregation to which he belonged. But when examined by the elders he could not say that he believed that all the human race were liable to the wrath of God, and the pains of hell forever, because of the sin of Adam. He was therefore not admitted to the church, though there was no doubt in regard to his religious character. He remained at Daventry three years. Having made the most of his opportunities, he obtained a thorough education. There was one difficulty in regard to his preaching, and that was an impediment in his speech. He tried hard to overcome it, but he was more or less troubled with it all his life.

His own thought and the line of his reading led him away from the doctrines of Calvinism. When he left the academy, he was hardly Orthodox in his idea of the atonement. His way seemed to be to study the Bible very thoroughly, to collect and prepare all the passages on any particular subject, and then to make up his own mind. Thus his ideas of the Trinity became modified. He was convinced that Christ was not God, and came to be what is called an Arian. He thought that Christ was of a divine nature, that he existed before he was born upon the earth; but that he was inferior to God. Subsequently, he changed still more in his opinion, and thought Christ merely a man, but endowed with miraculous powers, and having a divine mission. Thus growing away from the Calvinistic doctrines, he became a pronounced Unitarian. He preached at Nantwich and at Needham, three years in each place. Then he became connected with the Warrington Academy, remaining at Warrington six years. There he was married. He next became a preacher at Leeds. During these years he was a close student, and did a great deal of work beyond his teaching and preaching. He published many valuable pamphlets and more extended works upon religious and theological subjects. His writings were attacked by Orthodox theologians, and he became more or less involved in controversy. But he always wrote in a Christian spirit, and with a sincere desire to come at the truth. If errors were pointed out to him in his statements, he always cheerfully corrected them; but the chain of his reasoning could not well be broken.

What is quite remarkable, besides occupying so prominent a position in the theological world, he became a leader in the fields of experimental science. He fitted up a laboratory in his own dwelling, making most of his own apparatus, and conducted many original experiments. On one of his visits to London, he made the acquaintance of Dr. Franklin. This led to his writing a history of the discoveries in electricity, Dr. Franklin assisting him to obtain the books that would give him the necessary information. He was made a member of the Royal Society, — given its gold medal; and received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Edinburgh. These honors were on account of his scientific discoveries. Before Dr. Priestley's time, air was supposed to be a simple substance. He was the first to discover the separate gases of which it is composed. His discovery of oxygen gas

was of the greatest importance. He ascertained the action of the oxygen in the atmosphere upon the blood; proved that it was necessary to combustion; and that plants gave out oxygen. The existence of several other gases was made known to the world by him.

He left Leeds to become librarian to the Earl of Shelburne. His office, however, was rather that of literary companion. He accepted it, because of its pecuniary and intellectual advantages. The demands upon him were such as to leave him much time for his studies, writings, and experimental work. Some of his most valuable papers were published during the seven years he was with Lord Shelburne.

Leaving Lord Shelburne, he settled at Birmingham, and became pastor of a dissenting congregation. Here he remained a little over ten years, when occurred one of those disgraceful scenes, which history has too often to record in connection with men who are independent in thought and opinion. It was just after the French Revolution, and the English people were in an excitable state. The feeling against the dissenters was very strong, and especially against Dr. Priestley. It was easy to inflame the populace against him, on account of his religious opinions, and the unjust suspicion that his sympathies were more with France than with England, because of the honor with which he was held in the former country.

On the 14th of July, 1791, the anniversary of the French Revolution, which some of his friends were celebrating, a mob, encouraged by persons in authority, burned the meeting-house in which he preached, and that also of another dissenting congregation. They next attacked his house, destroyed all the apparatus in his laboratory, demolished his library, and tore up his manuscripts. The houses of other dissenters, chiefly his friends, were also attacked. Dr. Priestley was obliged to flee for his life. He reached London in safety. His greatest loss was the manuscripts, the results of so many years' labor. He never went back to Birmingham. But he wrote a sermon from the text, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do," and sent it there to be read by one of his friends, amid the ruins of his chapel, to the congregation to whom he preached. It was a beautiful sermon illustrative of Christian forgiveness.

He soon after commenced preaching at Hackney. Through the generosity of his friends, he was able to refurnish his laboratory, and after the loss of two years to continue his philosophical experiments. He obtained also, through the courts, a partial remuneration for his losses; but full justice was never awarded him by those in power. His services at Hackney were very acceptable and useful. Besides the preaching, addresses, and instruction of the young, he found time to write various works, which he published. But the prejudices of his countrymen were so much excited against him, and he was called upon to suffer so many annoyances, that he concluded to leave England and settle in America, where three of his sons had gone to seek a home.

Dr. Priestley sailed from London, April 8, 1794, and landed in New York the 4th of June. He was honorably received by many friends, who knew of his worth. From New York he proceeded to Philadelphia. He was unanimously elected Professor of Chemistry by the trustees of the University of Philadelphia. An invitation also came to him to settle in New York and open a Unitarian society. He concluded, however, to settle at Northumberland, a beautiful town situated at the confluence of the north-east and west branches of the Susquehanna.

At Northumberland he built a house, and

prepared every thing for his convenience in the way of a laboratory. He preached to a few friends on Sunday, instructed the young, and made himself as useful as possible in his new settlement. His studies he pursued in peace, and published some works. He delivered two courses of lectures in Philadelphia. Among his auditors was the President, John Adams. He became a friend of Thomas Jefferson. The latter was very much pleased with a work of his called "A History of the Corruptions of Christianity." Dr. Priestley kept himself steadily employed in the pursuit of religious and scientific truth to the day of his death, which occurred on the 6th of February, 1804.

Dr. Priestley died in the faith in which he had lived. He was Christian in his settled convictions, and Christian at heart. He was full of gratitude to the Divine Being for the favorable circumstances of his life. At prayer time, two days before he died, he had his grand-children kneel by his bedside, loving to see them kneel in prayer. Thinking he might not live till another day, he gave them his blessing. Sunday, the day before his death, he had his son read to him the eleventh chapter of John. He stopped him at the 45th verse, to tell him the advantage he had derived from reading the Scriptures daily, and advised him to continue the same custom. To a friend who had called to see him, he said, with great animation, "We shall meet again in another and better world." He passed away so quietly that his son, who was sitting by his side, knew not of the dying till all was over.

On the 30th of July last, many of the scientific men of America assembled at Northumberland to celebrate the centennial of the discovery of oxygen by Priestley. It was a grand gathering. Saturday, August 1, was called the "Oxygen Day." Professor Silliman read a paper upon "Modern Contributions to Chemistry," giving full credit to the great work done by Dr. Priestley. On the same day, in that Birmingham out of which he had been driven by a mob, a marble statue of Priestley discovering oxygen was unveiled. But not less worthy of honor for what he accomplished in the interests of pure Christianity was the great and good man whose life is here thus imperfectly sketched.

HOPE CHAPEL, NEWPORT.

SUNDAY EVENING, NEW YEAR, 1875.

What a scene of beauty greets us,
Of enchantment and of grace!
How transfigured, as by magic,
Seems this old, familiar place!

Lo! the Prophet's word fulfilling,
Trees of God have hither come,
Making beautiful his temple,
Full of fragrance, light, and bloom!

Children! hail with joy the wonder
Heaven hath sent, your hearts to cheer:
Summer in the midst of Winter
Blooms and breathes around us here!

This fair spectacle awakens
Memories of a long-gone time,
Bringing near a beauteous vision
From a far-off age and clime.

When the wanderers of Israel
(All their toils and dangers past)
In the ancestral land of Canaan
Set their weary feet at last;

And had built them towns and cities,
And were prospered and at rest,
And beneath the vine and fig-tree
Saw their children's children blest;—

Then, those forty years remembering
When they dwelt in booths and tents,
Pilgrims through a mighty desert
Led by God's high Providence;

Grateful for the heavenly goodness
Which had so their tribes increased,
Yearly they, with loud rejoicing,
Kept a high memorial feast.

Suddenly the streets of cities
Changed to lanes through bowers of green,
E'en the temple's holy places
Bloomed into a sylvan scene.

Seven days long the entire people,
Dwelling in these rustic bowers,
Grateful memories interchanging,
Filled with praise the festal hours.

All day long the tents resounded
With sweet music; and at night
Through the leafy aisles and arches
Glowed a soft and wondrous light.

Years rolled by: behold God's people
Doomed once more to wander forth!
And for ages now has Israel
Dwelt a stranger in the earth.

Yet to-day the sons of Abram,
Wheresoe'er they roam or rest,
Cheered by Hope, consoled by Memory,
In their exile still are blest.

Children! are not we God's people,
And is not his mighty hand
Stretched out over us, to lead us
Onward to the promised land?

We too, sojourners and strangers,
Tread life's pilgrimage below,
Through a wilderness — of beauty,
Not a wilderness of woe!

Sun and moon and stars shine o'er us,
Cheering us along our road,
Bethlehem's star beams bright before us,
Pointing to the soul's abode.

Lo! our feast of Tabernacles!
Lo! our festal tent we rear,
Hope's glad green the banner o'er us,
As we enter God's New Year.

C. T. B.

REPORT FROM AN INFANT CLASS.

MY DEAR DAYSPRING, — I believe you to be interested in every Sunday school, to which you are a constant and ever welcome visitor, and glad to receive an occasional report or communication from it.

I am sure that you are not indifferent to the youngest scholar in the smallest school; therefore I have no hesitation in sending you one or two facts in relation to the Infant Class in our school.

In the month of December, just past, there were thirty scholars present in the class each Sunday, and last Sunday there were thirty-one. Of these, twenty-four were present all the Sundays in the month, though some of them were cold and stormy days.

There are two little girls in the class, the oldest not yet nine years of age, who were present every Sunday in 1874. We should be glad to know that many other little girls and many other Infant Classes have done as well, and if there are any such we hope you will find it out and tell us about them. The children who use "Every Sunday" will remember the lesson in November, about letting their light shine: —

"Jesus bids us shine
With a pure, clear light,
Like a little candle
Burning in the night.

In the world is darkness,
So we must shine,
You in your small corner,
And I in mine."

A little child who is so faithful to Sunday school as not to be absent once in a whole year has kept a little light burning steadily all the while, to show others the right way; but the best and clearest light of all is that which comes from trying always to do exactly right, not only in Sunday school, but everywhere else.

M. L. B.

THE BOY'S TRIUMPH.

THERE were prizes to be given in a school, and a boy named Willie was anxious to gain one. As he was very young, the other boys were ahead of him in all his classes except in writing; so he made up his mind that he would try for the writing prize with all his might.

He did try bravely. He wrote every line with great care. There was not a blot on a single page. His copy-book would have done credit to a boy twice his age. When the time came for giving the prizes, the gentleman who had acted as judge came to the school.

Holding up two copy-books, he said, "It has been hard for me to say which of these two books is the best in the school; but there is one page in Willie's book, which is not only better than Charlie's, but better than any other page in Willie's own book. His book, therefore, gains the prize."

Willie's heart beat high with joy, though not unmixed with fear. He went up to the gentleman and said, "Please, sir, may I see that page?" "Certainly," said the gentleman, looking a little surprised.

Willie glanced at the page, and then handing back the book said, "Please, sir, that is not *my* writing. It was written by an upper-class boy, who took my book by mistake one day instead of his own."

"Oh, ho!" said the gentleman, "that alters the case;" and, after comparing the books again very carefully, he gave the prize to Charlie.

The boys laughed at Willie. "What a fool you were, Willie, to say any thing about it!" said one of them. "I wouldn't have told : the page was in your book."

Willie heard all that they had to say, and then quietly replied: "It would not have been the truth, if I had not told who wrote that page. I had rather tell the truth than gain a dozen prizes." Noble Willie!

The Children's Paper.

MATT. XX. 1-15.

STANDING idle in the market
When the Lord hath work to do!
See, his vineyard needeth tending,
Room to work for me and you.

Oh, go forth, 'tis early morning;
"Work to-day," the Master saith;
Train the fragile vines and tendrils,
Work in patience, work in faith.

Standing idle at the noontide!
See, the Master draweth nigh;
"Go ye also in my vineyard,
Work, for yet the sun is high."

Standing idle! shades of even
Gather over hill and plain;
Yet go forth, go forth to labor,
While the light of day remain.

Work for all in his great vineyard;
None too feeble, none too weak,
But the Master finds some duty,
If his blessed work we seek.

Standing idle, while one sinner
Lives to heed a warning voice;
While to one afflicted brother
We can say, "Poor heart, rejoice!"

Oh, go forth with strong endeavor,
Now to do your Master's will;
'Tis to-day he calls his laborers,
Oh, his earnest work fulfil.

And, when even comes, the Master
Gives each laborer his reward;
May we feel the blest assurance,
Faithfully we've served our Lord.

The Children's Paper.

"That life is long which answers life's great end."

"The mind doth shape itself to its own wants."

TO-DAY.

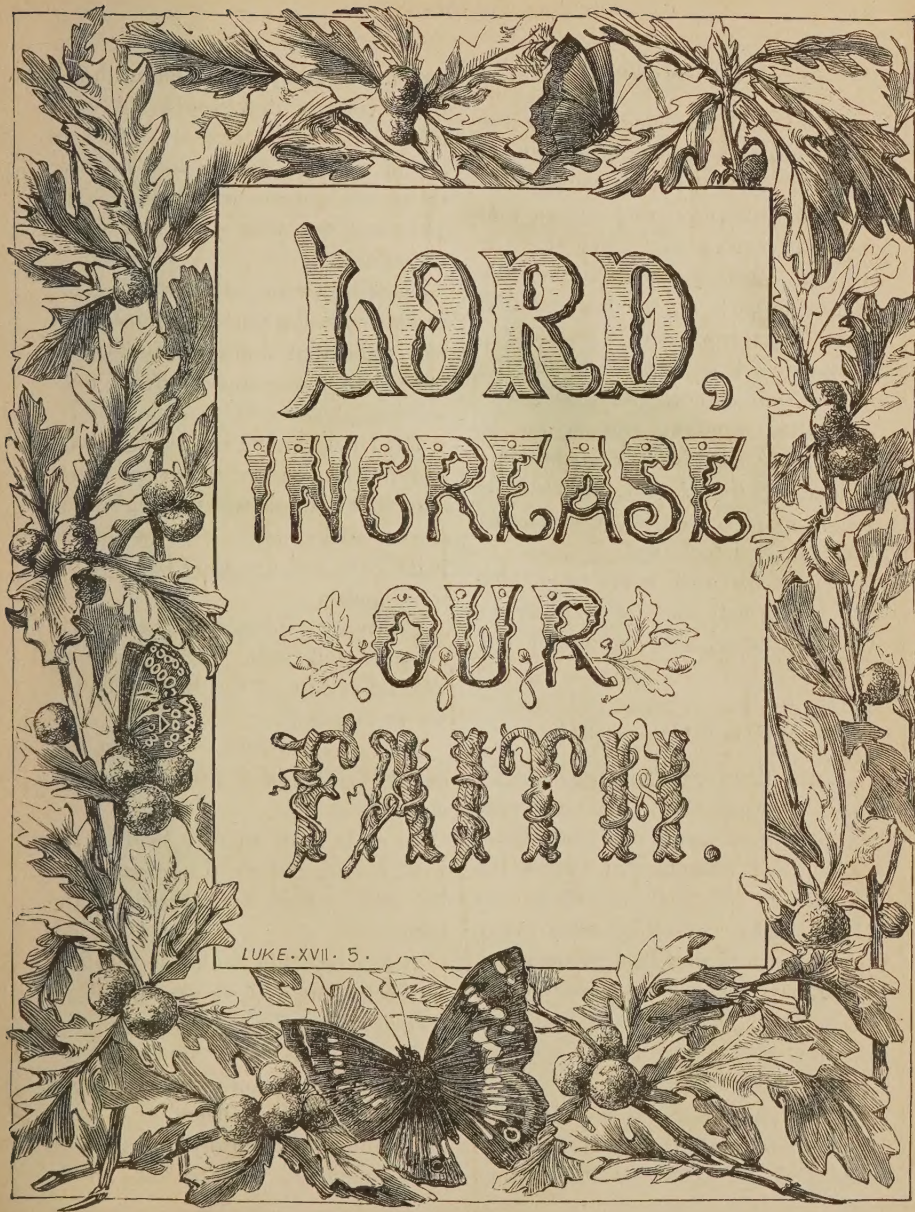
Music dedicated to the Unitarian Sunday School, Marlboro', Mass.

Words by THOMAS CARLYLE. Music by ORIGEN B. YOUNG, Worcester, Mass.

Lo, here hath been dawn - ing, An - oth - er blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it Slip use - less a - - way.
Out of E - - ter - ni - ty This new day is born:
In - - to E - - ter - ni - ty, At night will re - turn.

Behold it aforetime
No eye ever did;
Soon it forever
From all eyes is hid.

Here hath been dawning
Another blue day:
Think, wilt thou let it then
Slip useless away?


LORD,
INCREASE
OUR
FAITH.
LUKE. XVII. 5.

FEEDING THE BIRDS.

EVERY morning Maggie gives the little birds a good breakfast of crumbs. Now that the ground is all covered with snow, they cannot find much to eat in the fields and the woods. So they come round the houses to pick up the crumbs that have been thrown out.

Maggie's little birds are not the least afraid of her. As soon as she opens the window, and begins to scatter the crumbs, the birds come right under the window, and swallow the little pieces of bread, as fast as they can pick them up.

There are two doves that love Maggie so well that they will fly up to the window, and eat out of her hand.

WHO MADE GOD?

WHEN little boys and girls begin to learn about God, they have ever so many questions to ask about Him, which their parents and friends try to answer as well as they can. Many little children, when they have been told that God made every thing, have asked, "who made God?" They could only be told that God was not made; that He always was, and always will be.

Children ask questions, because God has so made them that they can think. If they had no minds that could think, they would not ask questions, because they would not want to know any thing. Parents and teachers of children always like to have them ask questions, and real hard questions, too, that show how much they think.

Here is a story about a little boy, three years old, named Johnnie. It will show that Johnnie thinks, and tell how Johnnie answered for himself the question, Who made God?

His Uncle James was sawing wood one morning near the wood-house door, and Johnnie was picking up the sawed sticks, putting them on his little cart, and dragging them to the wood-house.

Pretty soon Johnnie turned slowly around, and said, "Uncle James, who takes care of the houses before we was made?"

Uncle James said, "I guess you can tell. Think a little while and see."

Johnnie took another load to the wood-house, and when he came back he said, "God takes care of the houses."

Before he could get his cart loaded, he broke out with another question, "Does God make the houses?"

Uncle James said, "God made the trees and the stones; and he helped men to make the houses."

Johnnie worked away, dragging off load after load. But he kept think-

ing, and soon came out the greatest question of all, "Who made God?"

Uncle James answered, "Think a little, Johnnie; and, if you cannot think it out, I'll try to help you."

Uncle James kept on sawing, and Johnnie worked away, getting the sticks into the wood-house as fast as they were sawed. Suddenly he stood up straight, his eyes sparkling. He had thought it all out! "I know who made God," he said. "He made himself, — he made himself big and good and strong, too!"

Wasn't Johnnie pretty good at thinking?

For The Dayspring.

THE SNOW.

SEE the snow so soft and fair,
See the snow is everywhere;
On the trees that looked so bare,
On the roofs and chimneys tall;
Don't you like to watch it fall?

Don't you like to watch it fall
Like soft feathers over all?
Some flakes large, and some flakes small,
Falling softly, softly down,
Over all the earth so brown?

Every vine is like a bower;
Every bush is full of flower;
Every gate-post like a tower;
And the pines and willows stand
Like a scene in fairy land.

People say that way up high
Mother Goose goes sailing by,
Picks her geese and feathers fly
Over all this land below,
And we children call it snow.

Let it snow and snow away,
Snow all night and snow all day.
Ain't it jolly! Ain't it gay!
Don't it make our Christmas bright,
When the ground with snow is white!

BESSIE BENTLY.

For The Dayspring.

A THOUGHT, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"YES, and what good did he do with all his money?" asked Harry Bliss, as his sister finished reading an account of the great wealth of a neighbor who had just died. "Supposing he *did* leave half a million, he left it all to his two sons, who never give away a cent, and never help people if they want help ever so much. I suppose, now, everybody will bow down to Mr. Charles and Mr. Jacob Willetts, because they are rich. Bah! I hate toadyism!"

"Well, you needn't get excited about it and use bad language," said little pale Jamie, as he raised himself from his pillow on the lounge. Jamie was a helpless cripple, and his whole life was passed on the lounge. "I suppose he had a right to do as he chose with his money, he earned it all himself."

"Now, Jamie, I didn't think that of you," exclaimed Harry. "I thought you believed in doing all the good you can, and helping everybody!"

"So I do," replied Jamie, "only I don't think it is fair for us to say what anybody else shall do, we must take care of our own acts; and, if Mr. Willetts never gave away anything, all I can say is he never knew what it was to be really happy."

"Well, I know this much," said Harry, "if *I* had had Mr. Willetts's money, I should have remembered some of my poor neighbors."

"Yes, and the Sunday-school Library," sug-

gested Fanny, who was a great book-worm: "that needs remembering bad enough. I have read every book in it twice at least. I do wish some charitable individual could be made acquainted with the fact that there has not been a book added these two years."

"Why don't you do something to raise some money?" asked Harry. "I have read about girls getting up fairs and things, and making lots of money."

"I never thought of that," exclaimed Fanny, breathlessly. "I do believe we might do something. I'll run over and ask Mary Bent about it." And, so saying, she caught up her hat, and in a twinkling was seen rushing in at Mrs. Bent's open door.

"There! I've blown up a hurricane!" said Harry. "What'll come of it, do you think, Jamie?"

"Something good, I hope," replied Jamie. "It was a bright idea of yours, Harry; but, whatever the girls start, we must help all we can."

"All right," said Harry, "except making pin cushions and needlebooks."

Fanny Bliss and her friend May thought long and deeply over the matter, and, calling to their assistance several of their schoolmates, they resolved that something could be done, and *they* would do it.

For the next week the young folks were very busy. Perforated cardboard and worsted were in great demand among the girls, and all play was abandoned. The boys regularly disappeared behind the closed doors of Esquire Folsom's new barn immediately after breakfast, and hammering and sawing told of their occupation.

We will look in upon the girls as they met together in Mrs. Bliss's dining-room a week afterwards, and seated themselves around the open table.

"How will this do?" asked Fanny, reading from a written paper she held in her hand.

"An entertainment will be given in Mr. Folsom's new barn on Wednesday, July 10th, at two o'clock, to raise money to buy books for the Library of the Unitarian Sunday School, Monckton. You are respectfully invited. Admission ten cents."

All agreed that it was just the thing; so the busy hands went to work, and before night copies were written, directed, and divided among the girls for distribution, and before the next night everybody within a radius of two miles knew that something was coming off in Squire Folsom's barn on Wednesday, July 10th, at two o'clock.

And now the afternoon has arrived, and we will pay our ten cents and enter with the crowd; for the fine weather, added to the novelty of the affair, had brought together not only the young people, but their fathers and mothers to see what was going on. So Harry Bliss and Will Bent, the door-keepers, had a busy time of it.

The barn was very large with no partitions, thus leaving a fine open space for visitors; and chairs, crickets, milking-stools, and even wash-benches, stood around in liberal profusion for those who desired rest. A long curtain across one corner excited the curiosity of the curious; but the principal attraction was numerous tents, fancifully draped with American flags, arranged around the sides of the barn.

Our friend Fanny, dressed like a gypsy, occupied the first. In the centre, suspended from three sticks, with a make-believe fire underneath it, was a large iron pot, in the lid of which was an opening. After paying five cents, a stick pointed with a sharp hook was thrust through this opening, and a package drawn out by the purchaser. It is needless to say *this* tent was crowded until the contents of the pot were exhausted.

May Bent presided over a table on which a liberal supply of molasses candy, pop-corn

balls, and home-made cake gratified the tastes of the hungry.

Allie Merrill had formed a perfect fairy bower of hemlock boughs and trailing vines, gayly interwoven with flowers, in which she sold match-holders, air castles, lamp-mats, hair-pin cushions, and numerous knick-knacks furnished by her friends.

But it would take too much space to enumerate all the attractions. Maud Wellington, a black-eyed, dark-haired witch of a girl, had disguised herself as a sibyl, and, upon having her hand crossed with pennies, told fortunes, which, if they did not prove true, provoked great laughter among the lads and lassies.

A lemonade tent, an ice-cream tent, &c., were all furnished gratuitously by the parents of the enterprising children and when the contents of the tables were exhausted a bell sounded, an accordion played "Hail Columbia," and the curtain rose.

The tableau, "Crowning the May Queen" deservedly brought down the house. After that, "Pocahontas saving the life of Captain John Smith," with Harry Bliss as Powhatan in war-paint and tomahawk, frightened the little ones half out of their wits. Then followed "Red Ridinghood;" after that, "William Tell shooting the apple from his son's head." Here a laughable incident occurred. William Tell, holding his arrow ready for flight, looked so determined that a little four-year-old sister of the blinded boy in the audience cried out, "Toop down, Freddy! Tommy Deen's doin' to soot 'ou!" Upon that, the boy laughed, the apple rolled off, and the curtain suddenly dropped. Then came "The Village School," followed by "The Travelling Musicians." The closing piece was "Dotheboys Hall," under the charge of a lady visitor of Mrs. Folsom's, with Tom Sears, a tall, lank, raw-boned boy, dressed in gown and bonnet, and personating Mrs. Squeers, as she administered treacle to ten ragged, shock-headed boys. This capped the climax; and the young folks received the praises and congratulations of their friends, with faces radiant with joy. After the company had dispersed, the children counted up their money, and found they had raised $38. Many refused change; and one man thrust a $5 bill in Harry's hand as he passed out with the crowd.

I shall leave it to my readers to imagine the satisfaction of the young people upon finding themselves so successful; and only add that, upon giving the money to their beloved pastor to buy the desired books, his hearty praises filled their cup of happiness to overflowing.

ADDIE HAYES.

UNDER THE SNOW.

It is pleasant to think, just under the snow
That stretches so bleak and blank and cold,
Are beauty and warmth that we cannot know,
Green fields and leaves, and blossoms of gold.

Yes, under this frozen and dumb expanse,
Ungladdened by bee or bird or flower,
A world where the leaping fountains glance,
And the buds expand, is waiting its hour.

It is hidden now; not a glimmer breaks
Through the hard blue ice and the sparkling drift;
The world shrinks back from the downy flakes
Which out of the folds of the night-cloud sift.

But as fair and real a world it is
As any that rolls in the upper blue;
If you wait, you will hear its melodies,
And see the sparkle of fount and dew.

And often now, when the skies are wild,
And hoarse and sullen the night-winds blow,
And the lanes and hollows with drifts are piled,
I think of the violets under the snow.

I look in the wild flower's tremulous eye,
I hear the chirp of the ground-bird brown,
A breath from the budding grove steals by,
And the swallows are dipping above the town.

So there, from the outer sense concealed,
It lies, shut in by a veil of snow;
But there, to the inward eye revealed,
Are boughs that blossom and flowers that glow.

The lily shines on its bending stem,
The crocus opens its April gold,
And the rose uptosses its diadem
Against the floor of the winter's cold.

And that other world, to my soul I say,
That veiled and mystic world of the dead,
Is no further away on any day
Than the lilies just under the snow we tread.

By Rev. T. Hempstead.

HUMOROUS.

AN applicant for a pair of boots was asked what number he wore. With a surprised look, he answered, "Why, two, of course."

A little four-year-old created a ripple of laughter by remarking to the teacher of her Sunday-school class: "Our dog's dead. I bet the angels were scared when they see him coming up the walk. He's cross to strangers."

"Where was Bishop Latimer burned to death?" asked a teacher, in a commanding voice. "Joshua knows," said a little girl at the bottom of the class. "Well," said the teacher, "if Joshua knows, he may tell." "In the fire," replied Joshua, looking very grave and wise.

A benevolent gentleman, travelling in the Green Mountains, discovered at the door of a farm-house a baby brandishing a two-inch mortising chisel, to its imminent danger. Taking away the sharp-edged tool, he sought the mother. "Madam," said he, "I thought it my duty to stop and tell you that your little child had got the chisel."

"Oh, sir," said she, "I'm ever so much obliged to you. I knew something was the matter with that child, and didn't know what it was. They've got it awful down to Bennington."

Deacon C—— had an Irish girl who was decidedly verdant. The Deacon was building a wood-house on the ground which enclosed a well. "And, shure," said the Milesian help, "are ye goin' to move the well?" Observing a smile on his face, she added: "Ah! what a big fool I be. Shure every drap of wather would run out movin' it!"

The other day two colored men were at the depot, — one standing on the platform, the other on the track. The one on the track was indulging in loud laughter at something he had witnessed, when his comrade called out: —

"I say, Bill, you's in great danger dar!"

"Why so?" says Bill.

"'Kase when de train come along it'll *take your mouf for de dépôt and run in dar!*"

In one of our Walnut-Street stores, says the Iowa "Register," is a salesman of small stature and feminine appearance. One day, a little girl was sent to the store to make some purchases, and it fell to the lot of this young man to attend her. She asked if he had "totten flannel." He replied that he had, and asked how much she wanted. "I don't know," was the reply.

"Well, what do you want it for?" said the clerk.

"Want to make papa a shirt."

"Well, how big is your papa? is he as big as me?"

"Big as you!" said the little maiden. "I dess he is! he wouldn't be much of a papa if he wasn't."

OUR "HERO."

LONG, long ago we were a merry party of boys and girls, enjoying our summer holidays by the sea-shore. Father, mother, and all us seven, from Lilla, who was fifteen, and felt quite grown up, to Harold, the pet and

baby of two and a half years old. How we did enjoy those sands, to be sure! Building castles just out of the reach of the sea, digging a moat all round them for the water to come in, and then dancing down to meet the waves which came running after us, often getting over our shoes and up to our ankles before we knew it.

Then sometimes we got leave to take off our shoes and stockings and "paddle," as we called it, and look for shells and sea-weed; and the sea-air blew such roses into our cheeks, and such brightness into our eyes, that mother said it would set us up for the whole year which had to pass before we got our long holiday again.

All the morning we spent on the beach and the sands. Mother working, Lilla reading, father and our two big brothers walking, or riding, or boating, and the rest of us with our spades and baskets, even down to baby Harold, who had his too.

Sometimes the little ones, when they got tired of play, would creep into the boats which were drawn up on the shingles, and go asleep there, and we were very near having a terrible end to all our happiness in this way. How it was, no one could ever tell, but Jessie and Harold, our two youngest, had wandered away from the rest of us, and for a long while we didn't miss them; but at last Lilla looked up from her book to say to me, "Alice, just watch that little boat floating out on the waves: there are only two tiny children in it, — how strange!" But her wonder turned to a cry of terror as she saw that they were our own little brother and sister, and shaking their curly heads, all knowing nothing of their danger. In less than three minutes, mother and all of us were standing on the edge of the shore, pale, trembling, some crying, all exclaiming with terror, while father was ordering a boat to take him out on the sea to recover the little ones. Jessie was jumping about, — we could see her quite plainly, — while baby Harold shouted with delight as the little boat rose and sank on the waves. Next minute we saw him topple over into the sea, and Jessie was alone.

What a shriek of agony mother gave, as she waded into the sea with her arms outstretched, as if she thought she could get to him! Oh! he was too far from us, and we could only hear Jessie's frightened cry borne back upon the wind, and see our little darling's hat float by. It seemed as if the boat with father in it would never get off; yet all had happened in a few seconds. But as we stood wringing our hands, despairing, crying, and praying, a huge dog dashed through the crowd which had gathered, and rushed into the sea, straight to the place where Harold was. In a few seconds he was back, panting, dripping, but bearing his burden, with triumph shining in his eyes, as he laid down at our mother's feet our baby, pale and senseless. Didn't we pat him, and stroke him, and call him faithful, and noble, and good! while father brought back Jessie, and Harold was carried home to a warm bed.

No harm came of the accident, except that it made us more watchful; for the children were as well as usual by the next day, and our fright was soon forgotten. But we didn't forget the big brave dog: day after day we met him on the sands, and gave him cakes and buns, and even kisses on his glossy coat, and he seemed to understand what we meant, and wagged his tail as if he knew all about it. So for the rest of the time we stayed at the sea-side the big dog was our favorite friend, and we called him "Hero," and he would leave his master and follow us all about.

It was quite a sorrowful parting when our time came to go home, and afterwards, during the autumn and winter days, when we talked of all our summer pleasures, we always ended

by speaking of the day our little ones were in such danger, and how "Hero" saved them. We had found out that his name was "Nep" before we left the sea; still in all our talks and all our thoughts he was always "Hero," for indeed he had won the character well, and would keep it in our memories all our lives long.

The Children's Prize.

BOOK NOTICES.

LEE AND SHEPARD have issued lately a number of new books for the young. Among them is the *Young Folks' History of the United States* by Thomas Wentworth Higginson. It is a capital book; and we are quite sure the young folks will pronounce it just the thing for them, and thank Mr. Higginson for writing it. *Our Helen* and *Seven Daughters* are very pleasant stories that the girls will be glad to read. The little ones, and the old folks too, for that matter, will thank Lee & Shepard for their new edition of Mrs. Follen's *Little Songs*. It is an attractive little book, handsomely illustrated.

Puzzles.

3.

CHARADE.

My first is seen in the sea,
Of many fishes made;
The same on land will frequently be
Of quite another grade

A home my second without
Has never yet been known;
'Tis made, you know already, no doubt,
Of wood, or brick, or stone.

My whole my second may be,
And will my first contain;
'Tis not, be sure, for fish of the sea;
No further I'll explain.

4.

I am composed of thirteen letters.
My 8, 4, 10, 10, 12, and 13 is a vegetable;
My 6, 3, and 9 is a girl's name;
My 5, 11, and 7 is a nickname;
My 1, 2, 5, and 13 means honest;
My whole is the name of a traitor.

R. C. F.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES.

1.—H ea T
A H
P eac E
P erio D
Y e A
N a Y
E gg S
W hi P
Y ea R
E l I
A ctio N
R in G.

Happy New Year. The Dayspring. Of course, "The Dayspring" wished its readers a "Happy New Year."

2.—1. HAND
AREA
NEAR
DARE

2. BLOW
LOVE
OVAL
WEAL

The above were all answered by Thornton M. Ware, a little boy of eight years.

WHAT you keep by you, you can change and mend; but words once spoken you can never recall.

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(FORMERLY SUNDAY SCHOOL GAZETTE,)
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